

[illegible]

she was in and past him, and to the left crib, an open umbrella hung fancifully above it and a sheet depended from the top. A dull lantern glowed into the gloom, it's not antipathies rising.

"I hate Mr. Foddie! It can be inside for a while."

And grasping it like a torch, she the tent curtains and plunged to herself.

Outside in the gloom of one twitches—

—got Mr. Foddie passed a short

—beating into him and

—beating into palm.

"Miss Annie, if you think it's a decent—"

"Hand me a spoon there."

is inserted it, trembling.

"Hand me another blanket."

"Here."

"The hot water bottle."

"Miss Annie!"

"Shh-b-b-b-b!"

The small strangers rooded and

—and

—though the sheet flattered and relaxed.

"S'alright, baby. S'alright now."

—up. Go to bed. Beeding back

"Go to sleep, my ba-bee. Tra-la-la! Ma-u-u-u-u-u."

When she emerged from the slit in

—the light under, like Topsy's Cleopatra.

—light slid down over her mobby

—and

—and, upon her hair, a plait of it

—spring over each shoulder.

—all right."

"I don't have his little head low enough."

—didn't know how to work the lamp.

—up. Go to bed. Beeding back

"Go to sleep, my ba-bee. Tra-la-la! Ma-u-u-u-u-u."

—little fellow just looked like he've

—er get his next breath. Poor little

—now!"

"Now, Mr. Foddie, you sit right

—now. You're as white as a ghost

—fellow. They don't amount to nothing."

—Foddie, I'll be damned! I'll be damned!"

—kids. If you know how to handle

—in. Honest, you men are the great-

—ones for using your heads right

—to get things to pieces. Why—

—with my little boy's daddy just

—to go with him going back for his

—Honest, you men!"

—But poor little—"

—Why, you ought to see him now."

—the poor little fellow for yourself,

—singing there, quiet as a top, with

—little wool beat hugged up to

—to

—he entered and emerged with his

—cleared to a smile.

—Well, I'll be damned!"

—laying there laughin' in his sleep

—his little yellow curls all spread

—the the little fellow like you laid

—there one by one."

—I did."

—Well, I'll be damned! Asleep and

—as a cucumber? He mawk into a

—her, breathing rapidly and regard-

—her."

—Mr. Foddie, you're letting yourself

—all excited over nothing."

—I laid a hand across his chest to

—the sheet hanging.

—I'm all right."

—You mustn't let yourself get worked

—when he gets these little spots on

—the skin, they don't mean

—nothing. You mustn't get excited, Mr.

—Foddie, the way your heart can't up."

—the slit in the top, the sleeves

—on back from her arms, her head

—up so as to

—the print crease showing about her

—her, now!"

—Foddie, but it acts up when you're

—and Miss Annie. It acts up like

—it."

—I keep his head low now, Mr. Foddie,

—not too—"

—You just bet it acts up, you great

—thing-skinner. First—"

—Now I've stood about as much of

—line of talk from you as I'm going

—this morning wasn't enough

—you that—"

—What's your trouble just tellin' a

—the way you want to have I get to

—you about watching his tempera-

—and if you want to listen to

—I got to tell you about that great."

(Continued on Fourth Page.)